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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE WRECKER,

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

"HANNAH, I have tould you three times to go to bed," said Pierce Murphy to a slight delicate-looking young woman, who, notwithstanding his injunction, continued to knit the stocking she had nearly finished, while bending over the embers of a turf fire.

"Well, father, I'm going;" but still she remained.

Pierce Murphy was a tall muscular man, with rugged yet keen features, and a shaggy head of hair, that fell in great profusion over a high determined looking forehead: after having spoken, he walked backward and forward under the rafters of his kitchen, but occasionally pausing to look out through a window upon the night. It is worthy of observation that this window was singularly constructed; Pierce, tall as he was, could not reach it without standing on a stool for the purpose, and then his eyes were only on a level with the lower pane.

"Holy saints!" he muttered to himself, "there's a flash! Well, that is something like."

The girl who had been knitting started to her feet, terrified at the loud thunder-peal that shook their long narrow cottage, and frightened the poultry that were roosting at the far end of the kitchen on the high rafter, so completely, that two of them tumbled down, and ran towards her as if for protection, while the old cock shook his feathers, and chuck-chuck'd something by way of caution to his more assured companions.

"What a night, father!" she exclaimed; "I should think there could be no chance of their running in such a night as this."

"Stuff!" answered the man; "women always talk like fools. What are they to do!—if they have come as far down as where we think, they must put in, or tack about for sea-room, which they can't do, because the wind is right in their teeth, or be seized in the morning by the revenue cutter! There's another blast. Go to bed, go to bed—that's a good girl—go to bed."

And he pressed his forehead close to the glass, which, contrary to the practice in Irish cabins, was perfectly whole and free from dust.

"I'll be as quiet as a lamb, father, but do let me stop up with ye; if I went to bed, sorra a wink would come on my eye. Sure, what's in the differ, if I wake here or in the crib within!"

Her father's thoughts seemed to have taken another direction, for he made no reply to her request; but after gazing intently through the glass for some minutes, he turned abruptly to the door, which opened on the same side as the window, directly towards the sea, and attempted to look forth. It was, however, but an attempt: the wind rushed in with such terrific violence, that the turf ashes were blown about in every direction, and it required all his strength, assisted by his daughter's exertions, to force back and bar the entrance. It will seem strange to those who know what Irish cabins by the sea-side generally are, to talk of "a bar" to the door. A latch, above which a hole is sometimes bored to permit the twine to pass through, so that the latch may be lifted by the stranger or the friend, both alike sure of a welcome; or a rusty lock, where want of use has engendered rust—these are common enough; but, nevertheless, Pierce Murphy's cabin-door was not only furnished with two bolts, but was as sound and substantial a door as any one need desire to have, even in the

neighbourhood of London, where, if you do not lock your doors, and bar your doors, and bolt your doors, you cannot rest secure from danger. Both the door and the long, low, narrow cottage of Pierce Murphy, were substantial, and certainly the recurrence of such storms would seem to render it necessary that they should be so. Pierce, however, had more than one reason for having a strong door and a strong bolt to his dwelling, which stood boldly forward on a toppling cliff, near Point Forlorn; the foundation had been formed of the blue slaty stones, large enough to be called rocks, so general along the coast: these were cemented with stiff yellow clay, and the remainder of the walls was composed of smaller fragments of the same kind of stone; the rafters were, despite all superstitions, of drift-wood; the ribs of many a noble ship having been destined to support the thatch of Pierce Murphy's cabin. Murphy's professed occupation was fishing; indeed, I may say it was his *real* employment when he had no other: he was one whom danger never daunted; in his little smack he braved all weathers; and when he *did* send fish to Wexford market, it was always the finest there: the kitchen of his dwelling was hung with the implements of his ostensible calling, though many did not fail to remark that Pierce's nets were generally dry, except when the coast-guard was on the alert; and coast-guards twenty years ago, the period to which my tale refers, were not as active as they are now; they also wondered at the stability of his door and his high up window; but Pierce said the place was lonely; that he was often out at nights fishing; and that his old woman was "timid of being alone" during the long winter's evening.

This "old woman" was comparatively an old woman when he married her, and had been bedridden many years. The fruit of the marriage was one boy: the young woman whom he called daughter, and who evinced towards him all the duty and affection of a child, was the wife—it might be widow—of Luke Murphy, his only and beloved son.

"Now," exclaimed Hannah, glancing at him from beneath her dark eyelashes, when they had really succeeded in fastening the door, "what would you have done if I had been in bed! Bedad, father, the wind would have had the better of ye!"

Pierce Murphy looked down upon the gentle, earnest face of the pale girl, who had spoken in the half jesting half serious tone of one who does not exactly know how the words will be received, and there was both ire and pride in the expression of his countenance.

"The wind have the better of me—of ME! The wind never crossed the Atlantic, let alone St George's Channel, that would have the better of me," he answered proudly.

"Oh, father dear, take care. God be betwixt us and harm! But sure my poor Luke used to call the breezes and winds the Almighty's breath."

"And why should you mention him to me now?" exclaimed the impetuous man; "what put him in yer head? I say," he repeated, in a voice loud as the tempest, as the trembling creature shrank away without replying, "what put Luke in yer head now?"

A shrill unearthly sort of laugh rang from one of the two small bedrooms that were partitioned at the farthest end off the kitchen, and a voice feeble and sharp replied, "And that shows that Pierce Murphy is the same fool as ever, to ask a young wife what puts her husband in her head—to ask fond Hannah Gowry what puts her lawful husband (may the Lord's care be about him day and night!)—to ask her what puts her husband, Luke Murphy, in her head! Oh,

Pierce, agra! is it now ye have to *larn* that the head and the heart of a young Irishwoman are one! What put Luke in her head! bedad, that's quare! ah, ah!—" and the old bedridden woman went on laughing and muttering to herself in a way that showed her intellects were not clear. Pierce swore at her while commanding her silence, but she did not heed him; accustomed to his rough words and rough usage, perhaps she did not understand his meaning.

"Bedad, ye're a nice lad, Pierce Murphy," she continued half distinctly, and, fortunately for herself and Hannah, the smuggler did not hear above half she said. "Ye turn the *Almighty's blessing*, yer own flesh and blood, until ye make it into a curse; the *gra* boy! just married too; and in for it, so deep, that if he didn't make a *virtue* of necessity, the law would have sent him abroad free of expence. My beautiful boy! but never heed that, he'll soon be back now—his pardon's granted; my blessing be about Hannah for that same; didn't she work it out for him, with her perseverance and her sweet ways—and he'll soon be back, he'll soon be back—and thin, Pierce, my boy, Pierce, slashing Pierce Murphy, ye're book sworn, so ye are, to turn out all rats—all rats; hush—hush—every rat—before my boy comes home."

"I tell ye what," said Pierce, swearing a dreadful oath, "I tell ye what it is, Hannah: if you don't find some way of stopping that ould woman's tongue, I *will*—not even her being the mother of my son, your husband, will save her—do ye understand me! The ould hag gets worse and worse;" and the smuggler spoke these words in the stern under-tone of a resolved and desperate man, hissing them through his teeth, while his fingers grappled convulsively, as if he did, in imagination, what he threatened.

Hannah had glanced at him before; now she looked fixedly, if not firmly, in his face; and ere she had spoken a sentence, the crimson that had mounted to her cheek, faded into a death-like paleness.

"You have a right to remember, Pierce Murphy, that if the poor ould senseless creature is what she is, it is *your doing*. When she took you first, she had full and plinty. She trusted it all to you; and where is it?"

"Hannah!" exclaimed Pierce, astonished at her boldness.

"Let me alone, then, with your hints, father; I don't think ye mane half what ye say—I know ye don't. Ye could not be Luke's father if ye did. But while I've a heart to feel, I'll feel for her; while I've a hand to work, I'll work for ye both, as I have done. Oh, father! let me love ye both, for the sake of HIM, my own heart's core! Oh! how could ye be so cruel as to ax what put him in my head! My thought by day and drame by night!" and she burst into tears.

Pierce did not repeat his brutal language, reckless as he had grown from long habit and bad associates; he was touched by the truth and faithfulness of the young creature who gazed on him so mournfully. He muttered a few words; and then dashing his elbow against a half door in the wall, which the nicest eye could not have discerned, he disappeared down a narrow subterraneous passage, which led through the cliff to the strand below his dwelling. The memory of the oldest dwellers on that sea-coast could not carry them back as to when the cave was formed that extended upwards, and which Pierce and his associates had continued. Some said, "It was always so!" others said, it was the work of men even more daring than its present possessors. The cave appeared to all but those initiated into its mysteries, precisely as it had always been; but Pierce Murphy, more than fifteen

years before the occurrence of the incident I am about to relate, had, with the assistance of two or three companions, hollowed a passage as far as the roof of the cavern, which might be about ten or twelve feet above the rugged stones that formed its flooring. It was wonderful how well the opening was concealed; and the rocky roofing was of itself so uneven and commonplace, that, though the revenue officers, as I have said, not by any means as active *thens* as they are now, though perfectly well aware that smuggling if not more fearful crimes were carried on in that immediate neighbourhood, could not form an idea how the business was managed. Indeed, they were sometimes found to be too well satisfied with the proscribed article, to care much for its distribution, though it is a well-known fact that a revenue officer was never yet really trusted by a smuggler.

When Pierce descended, the young woman sat down by the fire, which she had replenished with fresh turf, and wept long and bitterly; it was sad to hear the voice of one so young and fair, and with an expression of so much innocence in her countenance, harmonising with the moaning into which the madness of the storm had for a time subsided.

"Hannah, *arourneen*!" inquired the half-demented woman, from the little room. "Hannah, *arourneen*! is there any fresh trouble on ye, my comfort?"

"No, mother; go to sleep."

"There's no use, darlint. Is there any noise about the hearthstone, my jewel?"

"No, mother."

"I thought I heard the ticking of the death-watch; the only clock that ever strikes here."

"I didn't hear it, mother."

"Hannah, how long is it since there was a winding-sheet on the candle?"

"I don't know, mother; but sure the last time Father Gandy was in it, he tould ye not to be minding such foolishness; that the Almighty would be above giving a hint about sich a thing as death out of a bit of candle-grease; and that a poor little insect—which he says the watch is—could have no knowledge of life and death, only keeps minding its own business in the warm places."

"Ah, ah!" laughed the crone, "and sure he's a fine man, and said more than that whin he was about it."

"Ay, mother, both priest and minister say good enough if we'd only heed it. God help us, he did say a dale of what was true, and so did Mither Burrows, heaven bless them both! about the sin of breaking the law, which was both bad and dangerous; and what was worse, about the curse of sinful people, which sich doings bring about a poor man's house; and the evil courses such lead to, the swearing and the drinking; and the fear o' God, put all on one side for the lucre of gain; and the end that comes of it all, transportation and shame, or may be death. Oh, it's a cruel wicked way; and how poor Luke, though brought up in it, ever turned to it, so fine and honourable as he was, I do not know. I little thought how it was when I married him!"

"And would that have hindered ye, if ye had known it?" inquired the old woman.

"I don't know, I'm not thinking it would; for all the trouble I've had on his account seems to draw my heart closer to him; he is more to me now than ever he was; and when he's with me again, we'll go to some furrin part, and work in the honesty that will bring peace."

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed the old woman, "I shall be dead before that; but the worms will have no feast, for I'm only skin an' bone, skin an' bone;" and she laughed again the laugh that made poor Hannah's flesh creep, and then continued—"Luke, *a-lanna*, never took to it, though you don't know, for reason ye didn't come to us for good and all, till he was on the point of going; but he never took to it. Sure if a man's in a whirlpool, he doesn't take to it, though he is drowned in it. And Mither Burrows said all that agin the smuggling. Ah! he said all that agin the smuggling, did he! and yet I'll go bail he took the hot drop of the hot stuff afore he left; that's no way to instruct the poor whin they're in the sin, and have the temptation to go on in it; the example must go with the lesson to do good; the poor have the comfort, and not the strong principle, and yet they'd take away the one, and not give them the other—that's quare—that has no *sinn* in it—no more than could Margaret Murphy."

"Go to sleep, mother dear," said Hannah.

"Will you pray for me the while?" inquired the old woman, earnestly, and there was sorrow in the tone of her voice. "I can sleep if you pray for me, *arourneen*."

Hannah replied she would, and knelt down for the purpose; but nothing could keep Margaret Murphy quiet.

"Lave off, Hannah, and come sit by me," she said; and accordingly the gentle girl, who was so unsuited for such scenes, and who had quitted "her own people," in a more inland part of the country, simply that she might take care of her husband's mother, to prove her love for him, left off in the middle of an "ave," and seated herself by the bedside of the strange woman, whose former mode of life, before she became Pierce Murphy's wife, was unknown to her neighbours, though various had been the rumours in circulation on the subject.

Margaret Murphy seemed worn more by the perpetual restless anxiety she could not quell, than by age; her bright, wild, blue eye was never calm, and her lean, colourless lips were in perpetual motion. She was subject to occasional fits of insanity, but her memory was at all times distinct, and her reason frequently clear; her observations were keen and sarcastic; and whatever of affection lingered round her woman's heart, was for her son. Hannah she regarded as a part of him, and the tenderness evinced towards her by the kind young woman, was the only balm her heart tasted. Margaret was in reality the daughter of a gentleman in a distant neighbourhood, the natural daughter, and consequently treated in an unnatural manner. She had a better sort of education until she was thirteen or fourteen; her father then married, and she was put forth with her degraded mother to endure as best she might the contempt which follows the parent's sin. Of all the crimes which man in a civilised state of society is guilty of—and there are many of which the law can take no hold—there is none equal to this; none so black in its depravity; none so injurious in its consequences to the moral dignity of society. What her after career was, for many years, remains a mystery. She fell, it was believed, into sin herself; for the dwellers in the neighbourhood never spoke of her without saying, "God break hard fortune before every one's child;" a Christian and beautiful prayer, to which each kindly heart must say Amen! "Hard fortune," however, seemed the poor woman's "rock a-head" all her life. When she did marry, there was little doubt that she wedded Pierce for the sake of being made "an honest woman," and he took her because of the possession of a scanty store of that ill-gotten gold, which melts away, and leaves nothing behind but its poisoned memory.

Still, when Hannah, seated by her bed-side, looked into her worn and wrinkled features, she felt how lonely would be her own fate, if that poor half-wild woman were to die. She was the mother of her beloved husband, and that formed a strong link in her affections.

Again the storm whirled on without; the winds did not howl more furiously than the waters; both raged together; and the din of elements became more fearful than ever. So loud, indeed, was the tumult, that the thunder over the cliffs, which at any other time would have seemed to shake them to their foundations, formed now only a part of the troubled whole. The only distinctive feature during this storm was the lightning, which flashed and forked throughout the dwelling, like a thing instinct with life.

"It's dancing, jewel," said Margaret; "dancing mad it is with joy, because of the mischief that will come upon those that walk the wathers before morning. There's another blast of the cold one's bellows! Hannah, pray, in the core of your own heart, *arourneen*, for the walkers of the wathers. God bless you, girl!" she added, suddenly, while darting her quick glittering eye over the calm clear face of her daughter-in-law; "God bless you! sure it's a mercy to have any thing near such a wretch as me that puts one in mind there is a heaven upon earth, where there's innocence. But pray, Hannah jewel; pray—only don't lave me."

If Hannah had been even more inclined than she was to pray, she could not have done so, for her mother-in-law continued to mutter and give voice to various exclamations and broken ideas that were in ill keeping with prayer. Suddenly the secret door through which Pierce Murphy had descended to the beach, opened, and a tall active-looking smuggler, by name Andrew Furlong, proceeded to a cupboard; and, taking out a quantity of tow and other combustibles, asked Hannah why she was not gone to bed, and commenced forming something which appeared like a very long and massive torch.

"Any sign of the boat, Andy?" inquired Hannah. "None; and there's some of the *lobsters* we hear beyond the Point, so we can't make the right signal, and the waves are dashing like mad in there. It's as dark as pitch, and even if she had a light (which, of course, she wouldn't), we could not get a glimpse of her, good or bad, bedad! The weather is as contrary as yerself," he added, in a low voice; "there's hardly

half o' ye left, fretting yer heart and soul ather one ye'll never see again."

"A blither on yer heart for that speech," exclaimed the old woman, who, despite his effort to lower his voice, had heard the whisper; "a blither on yer heart for that same, Andrew Furlong. Hav'n't ye wickedness enough on hand by sea and land, but ye must thry to take from my lone boy the only thing he has left in the wide world—his young wife's love! Ah! yer reign'll not be long when he's in it! ye must harry the salt sea then on another tack."

The young smuggler muttered a curse, and after finishing one torch commenced another.

"Ah, thin," inquired Hannah, "what do ye want of another; sure the lantern from the window is as good as any, and they"—Andrew Furlong interrupted her.

"Hav'n't I tould ye that the *lobsters* are at the other side the Point; and would it be sense, do you think, to have light here, to bring them to our own hiding-place! Sure we must strike a light lower down; it's to warn them off we want, not to get them in."

"But one red flare is the warning light," persisted Hannah; "and what do you want of two?"

"Suppose one goes out? there's hardly a glimmer will stand such a wind."

"One will stand it as well as another; besides, I know ye shelter yer lights."

"If ye're so knowledgeable, may be ye'll lend me a hand at melting a drop of pitch to make them burn stronger; we'll be ruined entirely if the boat comes in—better it should go to the bottom."

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "how can you say so! and the poor craythurs on board o' her! But, Andy, is it going to make another ye are?"

"Three torches!" said the old woman, who had risen from her bed without Hannah having given her any assistance, or even perceived her intention, and stood now by their side with no other covering than her cloak, which she grappled rather than folded round her. "Three! is it three ye're about? Then it's well ye know that the boat is far enough away; three had never any thing to do with a smuggler's sign; it isn't the boat ye're thinking of. Hannah, are ye a fool to suppose it's a boat they're minding! No, no; it's a false light they're ather, to 'tice some unfortunate ship into the very jaws of death, that's it;" and having so said, she seized the small vessel in which Hannah, unconscious of the real design, had melted the pitch, and before Andrew had time to prevent it, she had flung the contents upon the embers of the fire. In an instant there was a blaze that illumined the cottage, and glared fiercely on the old woman's spectral figure, the pallid and anxious features of her daughter-in-law, and the excited and strongly marked countenance of the reever.

"Answer for it to yer masther," he said, sneeringly. "If ye must know the truth, and I don't see the use o' screening it, there is a ship close in shore; and what's more, no earthly power could get her out. What does it matter to the craythurs aboard, whether they're dashed to pieces here, or lower down? though it'll matter to us. Sorra take the woman, just look at her! Sure I didn't make the storm! Ye might just as well say it's a sin to burn the branch the wind tears from the tree."

"Pierce Murphy swore me an oath, that never, never, while grass grew or wather ran; never, while the sea was salt and the moon bright; never would he resort to that, ather—ather what we *both* know. Ough my grief! the smuggling's had enough, brought sorrow enough on us; but the curse of drowning men, the laugh, and the jibe, and the jeer, of the walking spirits who rise up from the rocks and sands, and cold sea beds, all green and slimy, their shrouds of sea-weed—there—I see them now—and now!"

So terrific were her gestures, in a great degree the workings of insanity, so bright her eyes, so haggard her features, while she stood like a resurrection before Hannah and Andrew, that even Andrew, bold villain though he was, forgot his task in the momentary terror she inspired. Visions of the past crowded to her heated brain; she had depended on her husband's promise, adhered to, as she believed, for some years, that he never again would link himself with wreckers. She did not know, poor miserable woman, how hard it is to overcome a tendency to great crime, while smaller ones are continually practised without reproof or remorse; but the agonising memories that rushed upon her, when she saw the well-known preparation for decoy-lights, were too much for her shattered senses, and she conjured up the most horrid visions from the depths of the ocean, the roarings of which mingled with the wind that beat around the cabin.

After an instant's pause, Andrew seized his "corpse candles," and had nearly gained the secret passage, when Hannah sprang after him—"Ye would not go heavy with my curse!" she exclaimed. "Andy, Andy, think first on what ye're ather!—drawing them to their doom, whin they think they are gaining a harbour from the raging seas; think, if ye had a brother, a father, on board that ship; think, what that would be. Oh, can ye have the heart to see the vessel beat to pieces on these rocks—the poor, poor mangled bodies! Oh, blessed Virgin!" she added, falling on her knees, "look down and save the helpless crew—save us all from this great sin!"

"Let me go, Hannah; yer keeping me here is no good. Pierce Murphy, yer own father-in-law, has decoyed them already—only you could not hear, wid the

wind; her guns have fired, and"—Before his sentence was finished, the boom of a gun, sudden and abrupt, shot as it were through the storm; it was echoed by a frightful scream from the old woman, who stood beating the air with her hands, and uttering imprecations too horrid to repeat. Hannah ran to her side, not, however, before she had heard the voice of her father-in-law shouting up the cavity to Andrew Furlong to hasten down.

The poor young woman at any other time would have sunk under the conflicting feelings, tortures I should rather say, of that desperate hour, had it not been that the deplorable state of Margaret obliged her to act rather than think or feel.

Smuggling is, unhappily, considered, even by some of the best of the Irish peasantry, as a venial offence, and they catch at every excuse for a crime which furnishes them at a cheap rate with the liquid fire that distils poison through their veins; they totally overlook the demoralising effect of what is contrary to law, inasmuch as it immediately forces even a man with comparatively good intentions into the most depraved society. But though my poor countryfolk find a too ready excuse for smuggling, I never knew them make excuse for "wrecking;" their national hospitality rises against it, and the crime is always referred to with a shudder, even by those who would make no scruple of committing other equally lawless crimes. Bad as Pierce Murphy had been, bad as he still was, he never systematically practised this base sin, but his associates and his depraved habits in other respects led to it; and the conviction that the doomed ship was too far in shore to escape on that fearful night, that she must go to pieces somewhere, led to the argument, "she may as well come in here as go elsewhere;" and instead of devising means to save his fellow-creatures from so wretched an end, he plotted with the elements to destroy, by imitating in a particular way the light of the nearest light-house; thus luring the ship to the very rocks which groaned for her destruction, when, having lost their bearings, they believed they were avoiding danger.

"Did I not tell you of the winding-sheet and the death-watch?" screamed the old woman; "but my curse will be on him for this, and the curse of a broken oath; think of that, Hannah. And there's another gun, nearer the shore," she added, "much nearer the shore, on the rocks." She paused a moment, and then added, with a calmness of manner that astonished Hannah, accustomed though she was to her fitful changes, "And now the Lord have mercy on their souls! for nothing can save 'em. Help me to bed, girl, ashore, for the strength has left me intirely." It would then have been a mercy to poor Hannah if the wind had continued to battle with the waves; but after the discharge of the last gun, the wind lulled, and the sea rolled and roared in proud mastery, save when the thunder gave token that the lightning had glared over land and sea. Hannah, after a pause, finding that her mother-in-law continued quiet, placed a chair beneath the window I have before mentioned, opened the casement, and looked out over the troubled waters. It was more like the mad riot of a fearful dream, than reality; and accustomed as she had been to sea storms, this seemed the most terrible she had ever witnessed. To say that the waves were mountains high, gives no idea of their awful appearance. Far out from land, the huge black billows, frowning and dark, heaved themselves to the heavens, as if the mysterious world beneath, disturbed by some mighty earthquake, flung up the heavy waters, rebelling against their pressure. Exactly opposite to where she stood, the moon (then at its full) shone palely out from between the parted clouds, that rolled back from its path. Pale, stern, and supernatural, it gleamed, like the unclosed eye of the dead (deriving its light from *without* instead of *within*), over the mighty tumult; while the forked lightning glared upon and amid its fierce playfellows, showing their darkness the more terrible by its surpassing brightness. As the waves neared the rocks, they reared themselves high, and more high, until their inky crests, maddened by opposition, broke into snowy and sparkling masses of glittering drift-like foam, and upon those the lightning showed like living fire—now tossing its brilliancy aloft, now beautiful in its destruction, tipping the foam with magic light, and then twisting like a fiery serpent in the very jaws of death! A little to the right of the cabin, where Hannah well knew the rocks were most fearful, a dark mass seemed fixed amid the spray. As if the very lightning of heaven determined to show the worst, a broad mass of light fell upon the devoted ship; short as was its duration, Hannah screamed with agony at its revelations. The shrouds were thickened by despairing wretches, who clung to them as their last frail hope; the stern of the vessel, high in air, was covered with human beings; nay, more, she saw them struggling in the water, dashed into crimsoned atoms against the murderous rocks. Although all was again darkness, she covered her eyes with her hands, and so suddenly still did the tumult become, that she distinctly heard Pierce Murphy's voice calling to his comrades. With the quick and sudden impulse of her countrywomen, she could have fallen on her knees, and cursed—whom? Her husband's father! There was no touch of humanity in the tone of his cruel voice; it arose on the night-wind like the fierce growl of a tiger over his prey.

She looked again. Now God have mercy on their souls! The ship had split asunder; one half was

hurled with a mighty crash higher on the rocks, the other dispersed amid the boiling bubble of the stormy deep. Bright masses of lightning continued to illumine the frightful scene; horrible as it was, poor Hannah continued to look down upon it, though her face and hair were drenched with the salt spray; and the voice of the old woman was heard (though not by her) imploring that the window might be shut, it was so cold. At length the idea occurred to her that she would brave the storm below, and perhaps she might save some sailor from the jaws of death; and then the memory of her own beloved one rushed with its full tide of tenderness into her woman's heart; her eye rested for a moment (as, dashing the water from her face with the tresses of her long hair, which the wind had flung over her shoulders) on the sea, and, strongly illumined by a flash of lightning, she saw, or fancied she saw, for it is difficult to believe that a mortal eye could have distinguished an object so distinctly at that distance—still Hannah thought she saw upturned towards her, amid the foam, the face of her young husband, Luke Murphy!

She sprang, rather than ran, down the secret passage, and along the shore. Pierce Murphy (for the morning was breaking), seeing her flying like a sea-mew through the haze and mist of the sea spray, seized her by the arm, and roughly demanded what she wanted; her words were few, but they were enough to paralyse the avowed smuggler—the secret wrecker. She called him *his son's murderer*. She declared she had seen that dear, that well-remembered face, rise upon the surface of the water. Her father-in-law, as I have said, was paralysed at her words, but he believed them to be the dream of a distempered brain; he called to one of his companions to bear her up the cliff, for the scene was awful. The mangled remains of more than one body, still quivering with life, had been washed in, mutilated by the rocks, or crushed by the cargo that the wreckers were dragging on shore, heedless of the cries and supplications for help of the drowning crew. Her screams rose above the echoes and the sound of the watery tumult. She would not leave the beach; and the wicked, always superstitious, trembled at her incoherent words—at her wild shrieks; trembled even amid their thirst for such unlawful, such unholy plunder. Through the mist, amid the dawning light, and down the steep but beaten path leading from the cliffs to the shore, several of the coast-guard were seen descending, and this rendered Pierce more furious, as his prospect of booty decreased.

"Away, mad fool!" he exclaimed, as, with eyes straining from their sockets, Hannah opened her arms to every advancing wave, as if she expected it to yield her husband to her embrace.

"Take her away, will ye t—she lies," said Pierce. "No, no; I do not—I do not," she exclaimed wildly. "See—see—see—he comes—he!"—and with the effort of a despairing woman, she threw herself farther into the white surf, which had run up on the sands, bearing another victim to the land.

The story is well remembered to this day—it is this:—That Hannah clasped her husband's body, and was dragged back to the shore along with it. Pierce Murphy, fully awake to the fact that he had been the means of the destruction of his own son, who, full of hope and joy, was on his return to his young wife and his native land, could only gaze on the fruits of his wickedness—no one can tell with what feelings, for he imparted them to none. His companions in sin quickly recognised the once gay, light-hearted youth; but Hannah would suffer none to approach her. She dragged the body under shelter of a rock, and, sitting down with frightful calmness, drew it across her knees, resting the mangled head upon her bosom, and enfolding all that she loved on earth, as a mother enfolds her child. She did not heed the oozing blood, the broken bones, nor the cold chill of the dead, but parted the streaming hair from the brow, and kissed and murmured over it words of such tenderness, that the wreckers, and the coast-guard, the one forgetful of their plunder or personal safety, if their share in the destruction should be discovered, the other neglectful of their duty, but all strong fearless men, accustomed to death and terror, looked on with tears at that sad picture of mute and maniac agony. Gentle as she was with the poor senseless clay, she would not, even when the sun was high in the heavens, and the receding tide showed how fearful the destruction had been, suffer any one to approach her. Several of the crew were saved, and their testimony was of such a nature, that Pierce (who made no attempt to escape) was seized, and conveyed to Wexford jail. As the evening drew on, it was determined to remove Hannah from the body by force. To shield her from the sun's heat, which burst forth as if to contrast the power of light with the power of darkness, one of her neighbours had thrown her cloak over the broken-hearted woman and her burden: the same kind hand removed it when the parish priest declared she must not be longer left with the corpse. Alas! there was nothing living to separate—to put apart from the dead. The heart which had beat so warmly within that gentle bosom was broken!

To the great horror of the country, Pierce Murphy destroyed himself in prison—a crime never anticipated in Ireland, because of such rare occurrence.

Margaret, the old woman, wandered for many a day—months, years—throughout the neighbourhood, a

confirmed maniac; her bodily strength seemed to return when her faculties were totally destroyed; but she has now long been dead.

"To see how the innocent suffer for the guilty, and how one crime leads to another," observed a country girl to her companion, after hearing this sad tale.

"True for ye, *aiseen*; and sure it's a great pity people don't think of that in time."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

ASTROLOGY.

THE study of the stars, with a view to foretelling the destiny of nations and individuals, or of unravelling other mysteries hidden to ordinary investigation, and which received the name of JUDICIAL ASTROLOGY, was, as already mentioned, of very ancient origin, having been first practised by the Babylonians and Chaldeans from two thousand to a thousand years before Christ. The avowed reason for assigning such properties to the planetary bodies, was, that the heavens are one great book, in which God has written the history of the world, and in which every man may read his own fortune and the transactions of his time.

Proceeding on this very explicit doctrine, the study of the planets, and their various movements in reference to each other, became in time one of the most imposing superstitions of the east, and extended its delusive influence even down to a comparatively late period of history. It is almost needless to state that no shadow of a reason exists for believing that either stars or planets possess the smallest power over the affairs of mortals; and it is doubtful if they have any effect upon the common atmospheric phenomena, such as clouds, winds, thunder, rain, &c. The moon, which was long supposed to exercise some peculiar influence over the seasons and certain mental affections, is now understood by scientific men to have no such effect. One thing is very certain, that the destiny of human beings is in no respect governed by sun, moon, or stars; for all these luminaries, great and small, are either so many globes resembling that which we inhabit, or suns, giving light in their respective spheres. The idea, therefore, of these inert masses of matter, removed to the distance of millions and thousands of millions of miles from us, and each with solemn placidity whirling in its appointed path, having any influence over human affairs, is among the most wild or visionary conceptions which ever entered into the mind of man.

In an age when the external manifestations of nature were attributed to supernatural causes, the practice of astrology received its share of encouragement both from the learned and ignorant, each class being alike superstitious and open to the frauds of pretenders. The two branches into which the science was divided, judicial and natural, were distinguished in the following way. Natural astrology comprehended the study and prediction of meteorological phenomena—of winds, storms, hurricanes, thunder, earthquakes, and the like; and, excepting always in so far as its professors assumed to derive their knowledge from the stars, this department of the art had its foundation in the rational principles of natural philosophy. Judicial astrology, again, which is the matter to be considered at present, was simply the art of fortune-telling by the stars. The east has been mentioned as the scene of its origin. Amongst the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, it was for ages in universal practice, and in Persia at this day the sovereign will not cross the threshold of his palace, or perform the most ordinary act, without receiving assurance that the hour is declared by the stars to be favourable. The predestinarian character of the Mahometan system was favourable to the maintenance of the astrological fooleries, and among the prophet's immediate followers, the Arabs, the practice of these flourished greatly. It was through that people that the art was introduced into Spain, whence it first spread over Europe; for the previous records of the northern nations do not present any distinct traces of such a belief. It is true that the Romans had brought the art from Egypt, and had cultivated it with avidity, but the incursions of the barbarian Goths and Huns had again removed almost every vestige of it from Europe.

We first receive, accordingly, something like a systematic view of astrological science from the Arabic and Jewish writers of Spain, of whom the professors in England, France, and Germany, were merely the followers. They divided the whole heavens, visible and invisible, into twelve imaginary and equal parts, formed by drawing lines from north to south, in the same way as the lines of longitude are marked on a map or globe of the earth. These circles were supposed to remain motionless, while the daily revolutions of the globe took place under them, and every heavenly body passed through each of the circles in twenty-four hours. They were called the twelve houses of heaven, and had different powers assigned to them; one being the house of life; a second, of riches; a third, of death; a fourth, of marriage; a fifth, of health; and so on. All the planets and stars had specific powers assigned to them, and their position with respect to these houses, and to one another, at the hour of an individual's birth, or at any special epoch, formed the basis for determining the fate of persons or the issue of events.

It would be treating the matter with unnecessary

seriousness to attempt to educe any thing more precise out of the mass of absurd and contradictory rules which constituted, according to its professors, the imaginary science of astrology. What will strike every one as peculiarly ridiculous, Jews, Mahometans, and Christians, while viewing with contempt the whole religious system of the Greeks and Romans, were content to hold the characters of the planets as identical with those of the old heathen divinities, simply because the names of these personages had been assigned to them, from mere caprice, in very early times. Think of the inconsistency of a Christian father allowing Mars to possess fiery and warlike powers and tendencies; while at the same time he scouted the notion that such a being as Mars ever existed, though that notion formed the sole pretence for transferring such an attribute to the celestial bodies in question! With Jewish rabbi, and Mahometan mufti, the inconsistency was equally glaring. Because the heathens gave the name of Saturn, whom they painted as a gruff old man with a scythe, to one planet, and the name of Jupiter, who was their god of gods, to another, while to a third they assigned the name of their commercial god Mercury, this was held as a sufficient reason by all parties in later times for believing that the first of these luminaries shed a black and baneful influence on mankind, that the second had the power of bestowing crowns and greatness, and that the third overruled all matters of property and merchandise among mortal men!

It was said that "the Ram (Aries) had a strong influence over the young of the flocks and herds, the Balance (Libra) could inspire nothing but inclinations to good order and justice, and the Scorpion (Scorpio) could excite only evil dispositions." In short, every sign produced the good or evil intimated by the name originally bestowed on it, in consequence of some resemblance of the slightest and most fantastic kind, and which, even if real, had no more to do with moral qualities and influences than if it had not existed at all. "If a child," says the author of *Thaumaturgia*, already quoted, "happened to be born at the instant when the first star of the Ram rose above the horizon—when, in order to give this nonsense the air of a science, the star was supposed to have its greatest influence—he would be rich in cattle; and he who should enter the world under the Crab, would meet with nothing but disappointments, and all his affairs go backwards and downwards. The people were to be happy whose king entered the world under the sign Libra, but completely wretched if he should light under the horrid sign Scorpion. Persons born under Capricorn, especially if the sun at the same time ascended the horizon, were sure to meet with success, and rise upwards like the wild Goat and the sun, which then ascends for six months together. The Lion (Leo) was to produce heroes, and the Virgin (Virgo), with her ear of corn, to inspire chastity, and to unite virtue with abundance. Could any thing be more extravagant and ridiculous?"

All this is but a mere inkling of the powers ascribed to the heavenly bodies in connection with human affairs. Every hour of the day had its presiding star. Every part of the body was under the domination of a sign. The Ram presided over the head, the Bull over the gullet, the Twins over the breast, the Scorpion over the intestines, and the Fishes over the feet. A true devotee of the art took great care at what hours and seasons he swallowed a dose of physic. If he swallowed it under the Bull, for example, he would never be able to keep it on his stomach, as the food of that animal regurgitates, it being a ruminant, and therefore his medicine would inevitably do the same.

An immense degree of good and evil influence was ascribed to the number seven, that being the number of the days of the week, and of the planets, including the sun and moon. Seven times seven was the climacterical number, critical to private individuals, princes, and principalities; and marvellous, indeed, were its supposed effects. All the metal, too, in the bowels of the earth, was produced by, and under the rule of, certain planets; and if any one could make his search at the lucky moment, he was sure to get as much metal as he desired. The sun being yellow, and gold being yellow, of course, according to the profound system of reasoning on which this science was based, the sun was the luminary for gold. Saturn being a heavy, dull, grey-headed old gentleman, nothing could be fitter than that he should be superintendent of all lead-mines. Iron being the metal for weapons of war, Mars very properly got charge of it; and on the same enlightened principles, Mercury, who was famous for activity, was the dominator over quicksilver. "It was the province of Jupiter (says the author formerly cited) to preside over tin, and as this was the only metal left to him, it would appear to have been a kind of Hobson's choice," that is, based upon indispensable necessity.

The reigns of the Stuarts in the seventeenth century formed the era during which judicial astrology chiefly flourished in our island, and indeed over all Europe. Previously to this age, Alfonso, king of Castile, surnamed the Astrologer, had assembled the Arabic and Jewish sages of his empire, and had sat in consultation with them five years, drawing up the Alfonsine Tables, which gave to Europe all the mysteries of the Arabic and Hebrew astrology. Nostadamus and others had gained note by their predictions in France and Germany. In the time of James I., however, England outstripped all its neighbours in devotion to the science. William Lilly, who fortunately

left a personal memoir behind him, Doctor Simon Forman, Alexander Hart, "the Philomath," and many others of note, cheated the people with pretences to a power of prediction that had no limits. They professed to foretell every thing and any thing, and the whole being an imposture, one thing, no doubt, was just as easy to them as another. They affected, indeed, to go by rule in their operations, and kept up a kind of common jargon among themselves, but this was merely to give colour to their assumptions. When some poor dupe wished his fortune told, they pretended to draw up an elaborate scheme of his nativity. They inquired the day and hour of his birth, and the point of the ecliptic which had then risen above the horizon gave his horoscope, while the stars then in the ascendant, or in the house of life, as well as in the other houses, gave the secret of his whole fate. The issue was, that they told the fool—just what he wished to be told. Lilly's Memoirs show us the almost unlimited length to which all ranks of his countrymen carried their credulity in those days. His supposed powers made him a most important actor in the civil wars, and in the politics, generally, of his time. The pieces of mystic folly which he issued under the title of prophetic almanacks, were spelled over in the tavern, and again and again quoted in the senate, though some of its members were among the clearest-headed men England has ever produced. No plot of any consequence, in those plotting times, was entered upon by any party, without previous consultation with the wizard. All classes of persons in succession glided into the study of the *wise man*, and poured into his ear strange tales of love or war, trade or treason. From the finding of a stray thimble to the restoration of the royal authority, nothing was considered too mean or too difficult for him who held dominion over the stars, with all their signs and houses, advents and portents.

If any thing were required to expose the contemptible trickery of astrology, the confessions of William Lilly afford ample materials for the purpose. It is humbling to human nature to think what persons, and what numbers of persons, such a creature, and such pretensions, could deceive. "We know not," says an able writer, "whether it should more move our anger or our mirth, to see an assemblage of British senators—the contemporaries of Milton and Clarendon, of Hampden and Falkland—in an age which roused into action so many and such mighty energies, gravely engaged in ascertaining the causes of a great national calamity, from the prescience of a knavish fortune-teller, and puzzling their wisdoms to interpret the symbolical flames which blazed in the misshapen woodcuts of his oracular publications." From the disgrace attendant on such credulity, however, some memorable exceptions ought to be made. Samuel Butler, in the seventeenth century, thoroughly exposed the astrological fooleries in his *Hudibras*, and at a still earlier era, the intellect of Shakspeare soared high above the common degradation. "This is the excellent foppery of the world!" he says in *Lear*; "that we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves and thieves, by spherical predominance. An admirable evasion of man, to lay his evil disposition to the charge of a star!" Again, when Owen Glendower boasts that at his nativity "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," and the "frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward," Hotspur is made to reply, "Why, so it would have done, at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitteden." We see by the first of these passages that the great poet not only laughed at this imaginary art, but at once traced to its main source the tendency evinced by mankind to put faith in it. A belief in the irresistibility of the starry influences could not but tend wonderfully to quiet the conscience of any knave who had done an act which he found it difficult to excuse to himself. Fatalism is certainly the most dangerous doctrine that can be entertained by erring man.

The discoveries of Copernicus are usually held to have given the death-blow to astrology. When people found that the earth was only one among other planets, and neither the largest nor most important, the notion that these luminaries existed for the purpose of telling the fortunes of the inhabitants of our earth, could not long keep its ground. The discovery of the probable nature and true bulk of the stars threw still more light on the vanity of the astrological doctrines. Besides, the introduction of the inductive system of reasoning was in itself sufficient to degrade from the rank of the sciences an art which had not one fact to rest upon. Astrology can scarcely be said to have survived the seventeenth century, during which the system of Copernicus, who flourished about 1520, spread gradually over the civilised world. Morin, who may be termed the last of the real astrologers, and who was a man of great learning, died in 1656. From this period, those who pursued the art were an inferior order of impostors, who gained a living by telling fortunes, vending nostrums for the prevention and cure of diseases, and giving information on the important subject of lucky and unlucky days. One of the most noted of these pretenders was a person named Partridge, who flourished in London about eighty years since, and issued an annual publication, entitled "Poor Robin's Almanack." In this work, for 1773, the following advertisement occurs, and no doubt had great effect in its day:—

"The best time to cut hair. How moles and dreams

are to be interpreted. When most proper season to bleed. Under what aspect of the moon best to draw teeth, and cut corns. Paring of nails, on what day unlucky. What the kindest sign to graft or inoculate in; to open bee-hives, and kill swine. How many hours' boiling my Lady Kent's pudding requires. With other notable questions, fully and faithfully resolved, by me Sylvester Partridge, student in physic and astrology, near the Gun in Moorfields. Of whom likewise may be had, at reasonable rates, trusses, antidotes, elixirs. Washes for freckles, plumpers, glass-eyes, false calves and noses, ivory-jaws, and a new receipt to turn red hair into black."

With this amusing piece of quackery we conclude the present sketch, and only require to add, that as from evil good often comes, so in the case of astrology mankind were to a certain extent benefited. The cultivation of the delusion led to the discovery of many new facts in astronomy, the true science of the stars; indeed, many of the greatest astronomers were first led to their peculiar studies by vain hopes of reading the fates of men in the heavens, and were tinged to their dying day with some remains of this delusive belief.

SONGS OF THE NORTHERN COAL-MINERS.

THE miners or pitmen employed in the extensive collieries of Northumberland and Durham, are an exceedingly numerous class of men, differing essentially from the other portions of the population of those counties, in their general characteristics. This difference can only be accounted for from the fact of their being accustomed to live constantly in their own exclusive society, and to intermarry only, or for the most part, with the women of their own class. The miners reside, in great numbers, in cottages immediately surrounding the various coal-mines; and their houses are remarkable for internal cleanliness, and for the substantial furniture which they contain. They earn good wages, but, generally, their habits are rather of an improvident kind; being greatly addicted to extravagant living and dress, to intemperance, and to amusements of a demoralising tendency; such, for example, as quoit-playing, cock-fighting, and bowling matches, for ruinous sums of money, and attending *hoppings* and horse-races. It is, however, but due to them to state, that for some years past these vicious pastimes have visibly declined among the miners, and that they are substituting others of a more rational and innocent kind in their stead.

There are several collections of songs, mostly of a humorous and satirical kind, extant in Northumberland and Durham, written in the peculiar dialect of the miners, and illustrative of the traits of their character and manners, from which it is now our purpose to make a few extracts, accompanying them with such explanatory notes as seem necessary to render them generally intelligible. The miners are universally and ardently attached to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or, as they endearingly term it, "Canny Newcastle;" and this characteristic is humorously illustrated in the following extract from the song entitled

CANNY NEWCASTLE.

'Bout Lunnun aw'd¹ heard aye sic² wonderful spokes,
That the streets were a' covered w³ guineas;
The houses aye fine, an' sic grandees the folks,
To them huz I t⁴ north were but ninnies.⁵
But aw fand maw-sel' blonk'd⁶ when to Lunnun aw gat,
The folks there a' luck'd⁷ wisly-washy;⁸
For gowd⁹ ye may howk¹⁰ till ye're blind as a bat,
For their streets are like worr¹¹—beare and blasky!

'Bout Lunnun, then, dirrent ye myek sic a rout,
There's nowher¹² there ma winkers¹³ to dazle;
For a' the fine things ye are gobbin'¹⁴ about
We can marra¹⁵ iv¹⁶ canny Newcastle.

A cockney chep shod' me the Thames' drury¹⁷ fyace,
Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation;
And thout at their shippin' aw'd myek a haze-gaze;¹⁸
But aw whopt maw foot on his moration.
W¹⁹ huz, mun, three hundred ships sail iv a tide;
We think nowse on't, aw'll myek acceady;²⁰
Ye're a gowk²¹ if ye din't know that the *peas* o' Tyneside
Are the Jacks that myek fanish²² wor navy.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We went big Saint Paul's and Westminster to see,
And aw²³ warn't ye aw thout they luck'd²⁴ pritty;
And then we'd a keek²⁵ at the Monument to,²⁶
Whilk ma friend ca'd²⁷ the Pearl o' the City.

Wey hinny, says aw, we've a Shot Tower see hee²⁸
That hiv²⁹ it ye might scraff³⁰ to heaven;
And if on Saint Nicholas³¹ ye once cus³² an e'e,
Ye'd crack³³ on't as lang as ye're livin'.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

The miners from all the collieries in the neighbourhood used habitually to flock in considerable numbers to Newcastle races, which are held in June, and usually continue for about a week. They do so still, but not to so great an extent. In the following humorous song, it is meant to illustrate this trait in their character, and to narrate the impressions which a visit made by a party of the colliers to these races left upon the mind of one of them. The reader must suppose it to be spoken by a collier himself on his return. It is, of course, a fiction, but, upon the whole, at the time it was written it would be true to life, and in nowise exaggerated. It is called "X Y Z at Newcastle races." We ought to observe, in explanation, that

¹ I had. ² Such. ³ Simpletons. ⁴ Disappointed.
⁵ Pale. ⁶ Gold. ⁷ Dig. ⁸ Ours. ⁹ Nothing.
¹⁰ Eyes. ¹¹ Talking. ¹² Match. ¹³ In. ¹⁴ Muddy.
¹⁵ Much ado. ¹⁶ Affidavit. ¹⁷ Simpleton. ¹⁸ Famous. ¹⁹ I.
²⁰ Look. ²¹ Too. ²² Called. ²³ High. ²⁴ By. ²⁵ Climb.
²⁶ This is an allusion to the beautiful steeple of St Nicholas' Church in Newcastle, of which the miners, and indeed all the inhabitants of Newcastle, are justly proud. ²⁷ Cust. ²⁸ Talk.

X Y Z was the name of a celebrated race-horse belonging to the late Mr Riddell of Felton Park, Northumberland, and in his day was deservedly a favourite with the Northumbrians, but especially so with the miners, who were exceedingly enthusiastic in their praises of him.

Smash! Jemmy, let us buss,²⁹ we'll off
And see Newcastle races;
Set Dick the Trapper for some syep,³⁰
We'll suin wesh a' wor³¹ fices.
There's ne'er a lad iv Percy Main
Be bet this day for five or ten;
Wor pocketa lin'd wi' notes an' cash,
Among the cheps we'll cut a dash;
For X Y Z, that bonny steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
He's sure to win the cup, man.
We reuch'd the Moor, wi' sairish iews,³²
When they were gawn to start, man;
We gav' a fellow tuppence³³ each,
To stand upon a cart, man;
The bett fiew round frae side to side;
"The field agyen X Y," they cried;
We'd hardly time to lay³⁴ them a',
When in he cam—Hurraw! hurraw!
"Od smash," says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,"
We never sec'd the like, man.

The song goes on to say, but in language unintelligible to any but a local reader, that, after the races were over, the party entered a tent upon the race ground, where, among other luxuries of which they partook, the narrator says they

"Smok'd nowse but patten shag, man."

After various whimsical mishaps and adventures we find them, on their way homeward, on board one of the small steamers which carry passengers up and down the river Tyne—

Next board a steamer boat we gat,
A laddie rang a bell, man;
We haddent sitten varry lang,
Till byeth asleep we fell, man.
But the noise suin myed poor Jemmy start—
He thowt 'twas time to gan to wark;
For pick and hoggers³⁵ roard out he,
And myed sic noise it waken'd me.
"Od smash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
Aw never sec'd his like, man."

The next song we select is locally known by the name of "Billy Oliver's Ramble between Benwell and Newcastle," and though, like those we have already quoted, it is a caricature, it has nevertheless some resemblance to the miners of the present day; and with reference to those of a former one, its fidelity will be acknowledged by every one acquainted with them:—

Ma nyem is Billy Oliver,
Iv Benwell toon aw dwell;
An' aw's a clever chep, aw's sure,
Tho' aw de say'd mesel.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
There's not a lad iv a' wor wark,
Can put or how wi' me;
Nor not a lad iv Benwell toon,
Can coax the lasses sne.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
When aw gans tiv Newcastle toon,
Aw myeks mysel' sne fine;
Wor neybars stand and stare at me,
An' say, "Eh! what a shine!"
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' then aw walks wi' sic an air,
That, if the folks hee eyes,
They a'wis³⁶ think it's the sun greet man
That's cum in i' disguise.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' when aw gans down Westgate Street,
An' along bie Denton Chare,
Aw whusels a' the way aw gans,
To myek the people stare.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' then aw gans intv the Cock,³⁷
Ca's for a pint o' beer;
An' when the lassie cums in wi'd,
Aw a'wis says, "Ma doar!"
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' when aw gets a pint o' beer,
Aw a'wis sings a sang;
For aw've a nice yen aw can sing,
Six-an'-thorty valses lang.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' if the folks that's i' the hoose
Cry, "Haud your tongue, you cull,"
Aw's sure to hev a fight wi' them,
For aw's as strang as ony bull.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' when aw've had a fight or twee,
An' fairly useless grown,
Aw back, as soon as aw can be,
To canny Benwell toon.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.

There is another song, called the "Keel Row," set to exceedingly sweet and simple music, familiar to the miners, and, indeed, to all classes, rich and poor, of the Northumbrians, and sung by them with as much patriotic feeling as the Swiss chaunt the "Ranz des Vaches," or the Dutch their song of "Faderland and King," of which the following is the chorus:—

Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That maw laddie's in;
He wears a blue bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.

In conclusion, we wish to observe, that these songs are given here, less on account of containing any thing very deserving of perusal, or worthy of being circulated beyond the locality to which they relate, than for the purpose of giving the general reader an idea of the peculiar manners, dialect, and habits of the colliers of Northumberland and Durham of a former and not very remote period, which these songs convey with more truth and fidelity than we could hope to do by any attempt at description. The specimens given, possess, unquestionably, some degree of humour, but it must be confessed that it is rather of a coarse kind; and we doubt that any but a local reader will be able to discover it. We disclaim all participation in the spirit in which these songs appear to have been conceived and written; their intention obviously being to caricature the harmless foibles and characteristics of the miners. It is but justice to the present generation of colliers to say, that those songs were written, for the most part, a great number of years ago; and however universally true they may have been in their application to the miners of those days, it is only fair to presume that they are not so generally applicable to those of the present day, who may reasonably be supposed to live within the reach and influence of the exertions now made on all hands to ameliorate the moral and intellectual character of the lower classes, and to be advancing in civilisation.

Of the state of local manners of a bygone day, however, those songs remain as faithful memorials, and on that account, perhaps, are worthy of preservation, and of a fame more extensive than that which they at present enjoy, namely, a mere

"Local habitation and a name."

WATERFORDISING.

THE pranks of a merry young Irish marquis, as recorded with much pains and zeal in the newspapers, have had the same effect in raising imitators, which the notoriety of a Monument suicide had a few days ago in causing a baker's boy to drown himself in the New River. Waterfordising has accordingly become a great thing, taking its place beside National Education, Chartism, Socialism, Prison Discipline, and other important subjects now occupying public attention. And is it not a cheering consideration that, while a multitude of pale thinking men are wasting themselves in anxious considerations as to declining manufactures, high prices, monetary distresses, and social perplexities of all kinds, a few choice spirits are still to be found, who, despising all such stuff, devote themselves to the worship of the Goddess Fun, and do their best to break the imposthume of the public melancholy by raising a good laugh? The philosophy of these joyous youths is not understood. It lies far beneath the surface, and there is perhaps but one public writer in the empire who could give a full exposition of it. For our part, we have some sort of understanding of it, without that discrimination of metaphysical niceties which would be required to explain it. We look upon the Marquis, however, as the founder of a great new sect, whose object, generally speaking, is to break the spell of morose gloom and discontent in which the world is at present plunged. This sect and its leader perceive that every thing is now carried on in the spirit of Extremes—that even so small a matter as a cup of ale is made a point of conscience. As the puritanism of the Roundheads two hundred years ago led to the opposite philosophy of the roaring, swearing Cavaliers, so has the enthusiasm with which every good moral and social aim is now prosecuted, led to the mighty efforts of the illustrious Waterford sect to keep up something like merriment in the land. It is a great demonstration in favour of nonsense. The men are apostles of good humour, bent on making head against stern utilities and dismal forebodings and complaints. A few weeks ago, a party of two or three, on a mission through our northern land, came to Perth, with a view to put the "Fair City" in a trim worthy of the name. One of them acted as post-boy to the rest—a most original idea, worthy of consideration amongst the emissaries of other enthusiasms, especially those who wish to make a good appearance on narrow funds. Soon after arriving at a hotel, they sallied out on their work, and having bought some baskets of apples, began to employ those convenient missiles in pelting all whom they met on the street. The individuals pelted put up with the infliction in the spirit of Galatea's lover, and pocketed what they got. The missionaries of fun then attacked a beer-cart, oversetting barrels and bottles in a sublime wreck, typical of the end of all such things now approaching. Having no enmity, however, to the drayman or his master, they paid for the damage. "Scene third," pursues their newspaper historian, "opened with the party seated in an inn, the whole establishment supplying them with porter. A tub was ordered to be brought to them, when they amused

themselves emptying the porter into it; but as drawing corks was a plebeian way of emptying bottles, they adopted the more noble way of decapitating the bottles as they were brought in. When the tub was full, two of them carried it out to the street, where biped and quadruped were invited to drink; the quadruped, however, being a tee-totaller, declined the invitation. Scene fourth was an attempt, about midnight, to serenade the inhabitants of the Fair City with the dulcet notes of a hunting-horn; but the guardians of the night interfered, and the horn-blower was kindly escorted to the Police-Office. [Here was an example of that persecution which all apostles of new ideas have to lay their account with.] On the return of the party, after leaving their pledge, the bugleman addressed his escort, before entering the inn, in a most eloquent speech, thanking them for their kindness, expressing a desire to gratify their curiosity by exhibiting himself to them, politely taking off his hunting cap, and concluding his address by intimating that he entertained the most sovereign contempt for every policeman in Perth, and in every other place; and courageously vowing that, unless it had been to gratify the good people, not one nor all of the police in the city would have been able to take him! when, bowing again, he declared that he was their most obedient humble servant. (Exit.) The serenade was several times attempted, but it would not do, till they accomplished it with the help of their carriage, in defiance of the police. Scene fifth was a march through the town with hats with paper covers, to the great amusement of the juvenile population. This scene concluded with a ride in a wheelbarrow. The last appearance was their attendance at our Police Court, to answer for various parts of their performance, where their knowledge of Blackstone had nearly confounded our provincial judges."

So concludes this somewhat prejudiced account of the great Perth mission. In time, of course, the sect will have their own historians, who will not fail to do them justice. Not long after the Fair City had thus been startled from the grave tenor of its ordinary thoughts, another fellow of the Waterford college made his appearance on a much wider and worthier field—namely, the city of Glasgow. This gentleman was evidently very rich; a circumstance reflecting great credit upon him, when we consider how few rich men are ever found to devote themselves in any way to the public good. There was also a rich originality of genius about him, marking him out as no ordinary member of the body. "On several occasions, accompanied by one or two friends," thus proceeds the local chronicler, "he crammed a carriage with street musicians of every kind—from the blower of the bagpipe to the organ-grinder—and drove them over the city, at the same time supplying them with liquor literally from buckets. He was seen posting over the town in a carriage and four, with his head surmounted by * [we really cannot reprint the thing his head was surmounted by] *; the equipage stopped at a house in Stirling Street, and a large crowd collecting, the surveillance of the police was found necessary. Frequently this nondescript has been observed amusing himself remunerating porters and boys with handfuls of silver for their dexterity in ground and lofty tumbling on the street; and a porter was well paid on one of these occasions for drawing the worthy in his hurly several times across a back court in Trongate. A favourite amusement is tearing women's caps, and then paying treble their value; and if report speaks true, the servants of the hotel at which he resides have made a capital spec. by throwing their head-gear in the way of the youth. It is said, too, that several shopkeepers have been astonished to see such expensive articles as the finest hats purchased, and then kicked recklessly into the street. But the next to insane demeanour [what intolerance!] of this stranger presents so many varieties, that it is altogether impossible for us to follow them out, nor have we any inclination further to do so." You have done it far enough, in all conscience, we would say, if you are to do it in this short-sighted and unsympathising way. But it is indeed very remarkable with what an absence of all profound and penetrating views the Waterford enthusiasm has been treated by the public press. None of the public journalists have yet seen the idea. It might have been expected, that, when gentlemen began to twist off knockers and knock down policemen, it would have been suspected that there was something under it. It might surely have been supposed that it was not for nothing that a troop of the first youth of the realm began mysteriously to employ themselves at night in such pranks as shifting the signs of undertakers to the fronts of the houses of physicians. That strange novelty, too, the boldness with which these youth spoke up to the old and crazed authorities before whose benches they were called, might have been expected to awaken some notion in the brains of even the muddiest of provincial writers, of the occult phi-

²⁹ Dress (verb). ³⁰ Soap. ³¹ Our. ³² Fatigue.
³³ Tuppence. ³⁴ To bet or wager. ³⁵ Upper stockings
without feet, used as gaiters. ³⁶ Always. ³⁷ A public-house.

osophy which animates the Waterfordian sect. But no. All has appeared to them as mere folly. We look forward to the time when the thing will be generally seen in the light in which it has appeared to ourselves, and when the name of Waterford will be ranked with those of the Owens, the St Simons, and the Pestalozzis of the age; and it will be accounted amongst the most enviable of distinctions to have been instrumental in any degree in carrying out views so profound, so philanthropic, and which shall then have proved of such incalculable service to mankind.

TEA OF PARAGUAY.

It is well known that, from various causes which do not require to be explained in this place, our commercial relations with China are sometimes placed on a precarious footing. Such is the case at the present moment, and some have begun to entertain disagreeable apprehensions relative to their favourite beverage; though we believe there is no serious ground for dreading that our supplies of tea will be immediately cut off or even curtailed. These squabbles, nevertheless, have had the effect of calling the attention of our Indian authorities to the cultivation of the tea-plant in some of those eastern territories over which we hold a superiority. It appears that the undertaking is likely to prove successful, for flattering accounts of the flourishing state of the plantations have lately reached this country. Whether Hindostan will ultimately produce an article which shall supersede what is raised in the celestial empire, is doubtful, for the latter possesses great advantages over all the neighbouring countries in the peculiar adaptation of the soil and climate for the production of the plant; in the superabundance of the population, which renders labour cheap, and consequently the article cheap; and in the agricultural and manufacturing skill and industry of the Chinese. But still, as the Dutch have been pretty successful in Java, there is no reason why equal success should not crown the efforts of the speculators in Hindostan. To render ourselves even to a limited extent independent of the Chinese, who are at once proud and capricious, would be a great point gained. One strong reason why we ought to multiply our resources of that kind is, that, from the rapid growth of the population in North America, Europe, and other parts of the world, the consumption of Chinese tea will become so great, that the price of the article will be much raised, if China continues to be the only source of supply as at present.

There is another way, besides that alluded to, of rendering ourselves so far independent of China, and that is, by importing the famous tea of Paraguay, a country which lies much nearer our own than the celestial empire. For nearly a century the question has been asked, why has this valuable article never been brought to Europe? Why, when all the inhabitants of South America, and every traveller who visits the country, extol its merits, why are we at home allowed to remain in ignorance of them? The simple answer to the question is, that South America was under the worst management when the Spaniards held the superiority over it, the precious metals attracting the chief attention, whilst agriculture, the true wealth of the country, was neglected. Since the provinces declared their independence, broils and squabbles of one sort and another have greatly retarded the advancement which they might otherwise have made, and thus their resources have been allowed to remain in a state of dormancy. Paraguay in particular, the very paradise of the *Yerba maté*, or tea-plant, has been governed by a person in whom we know not whether the madman or the monster predominates, and who has done all in his power to isolate the country from the rest of the world. We are quite convinced that the absurd restrictions laid on commerce by this intellectual savage, Dr Francia, are the real cause why the tea of Paraguay has not found its way into Britain within the last twenty years. An article which the country produces in almost boundless profusion, and which is so highly valuable in itself, ought long ere this to have enriched Paraguay with the manufactures of Europe, whilst the population of this and other countries would, in return, have been in the enjoyment of a delightful beverage, equal to the finest lohes of China. We hope ere long to see this accomplished; but public attention ought in the meantime to be drawn to the subject, and this is our object at present. The first point of which it is necessary to convince every one, is the sterling virtues of the article in question; and that can only be effected by producing the testimony of those who have used it.

Sir Woodbine Parish, a recent and high authority, imparts some valuable information regarding the article, and with reference to its qualities, says, "From the practice of reducing the plant nearly to dust, probably originated the general custom in South America of sucking the infusion when made through a tube; at one end of which is a strainer, which prevents the small particles of the tea-leaves from getting into the mouth. It is usually made very strong, very hot, and very sweet with sugar; its properties seem to be much the same as those of the China tea. The Spaniards learned to use it from the Guarani Indians."

Mr Luecock, in his "Notes on Rio de Janeiro and

Southern Brazil," describes it in much the same terms, and mentions its general use and the high estimation in which it is held by the South Americans. He also states that it is cultivated over a wide extent of country besides Paraguay, which is an important fact.

The Messrs Robertson, who resided some time in the country, and have lately published a work on it, visited the yerbales, or woods of the Paraguay tea, and describe the mode of gathering, preparing, and packing it up, but these we pass over. Speaking of the tea, one of the brothers observes:—"This formed so extensive a branch of the commerce of the country, that, like a little China, Paraguay may be said to have supplied the whole southern part of the new world with the refreshing beverage."¹ Messrs Rengger and Longchamps, for some time detained as prisoners by Dr Francia, mention that the immense forests of Paraguay "yield spontaneously two very valuable objects of exportation, the *herb* of Paraguay, and timber for ship-building."²

Martin Dobrizhoffer, for eighteen years a Jesuit missionary in Paraguay, paid much attention to the tea-plant; he has described it at considerable length, and expressed his surprise that it is not made the object of regular export traffic.³

Mr Bonnycastle, in noticing the yerba, says, "So useful is this western tea, that the mines would stand still, if the owners were to neglect to supply the workmen with it; and all persons in Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, consider themselves wretched, if not able to procure it; two millions of piastres worth of this herb being sold from the province of Paraguay every year. The smell and colour of this drink is nearly as fine as that of the best Indian teas."⁴ Equally favourable are the accounts of it presented by Major Gillespie,⁵ Dr Southey,⁶ Mr Miers,⁷ and Captain Basil Hall.⁸ Mr Webster's evidence is to a certain extent equivocal. He says, speaking of the Monte Videans, "As in other parts of South America, they also use the *maté*, which is nothing more than the leaves of the Paraguay holly, but it is not so pleasant to the palate of an Englishman as his favourite China tea."⁹ With regard to the taste, it may be remarked that China tea is by no means pleasant at first, but becomes so by frequent use. An article, therefore, similar to it in its general nature, but differing in peculiarity of flavour, could scarcely be expected to be "so pleasant to the palate" when tasted for the first time. There is abundant evidence to prove that those habituated to its use prefer its flavour to that of the tea of China.

The statement of Mr Campbell Scarlett is very much in favour of the Paraguay tea, and proves what we have stated as likely to happen, that it will become perfectly agreeable to the palate by a little use, just like Chinese tea, or like coffee. "We have brought a good deal of the famous yerba or maté with us, and I begin almost to prefer it to tea, when made by the natives, who seem alone perfectly to understand the mode of mixing this beverage."¹⁰ The housewives of Britain would not be long in discovering the best mode of preparing the beverage: that would form no obstacle to its success.

Mrs Graham thinks that it "is harsher than tea, but still very pleasant."¹¹ Mr Beaumont does not express his opinion directly, which is the case with many other travellers, whose approbation of the beverage seems implied in their notices of its universal use, and of the partiality of the inhabitants to it, preferring it to either coffee or China tea. Mr Beaumont says, that "the far-famed maté is produced in great abundance,"¹² which is essential to the object we have in view. Mr Caldeburgh, in describing its scarcity during the period of which he writes (arising entirely from the jealous policy of Dr Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay), says, "But such is the predilection for it, that it must be procured at any price. Foreigners, as well as the natives, get accustomed to the flavour, and as readily subscribe to its good qualities."¹³ This is distinct and much to the purpose. It is also of great weight, coming from so highly intelligent a traveller.

Senor Nunez describes the extraordinary productiveness of the country in yerba maté, and says that "it is greatly superior to that of Brazil, and of which, in that part of America, there is a greater consumption, than of tea from China, in the United States."¹⁴ Mr Proctor says "it has a bitter but not a disagreeable flavour."¹⁵ These words might stand for a description of China tea. It would, however, carry us much beyond our limits to quote what is said of this

plant in encyclopædias and systematic works on geography.

We think we have made out a sufficiently strong case as to the excellence of the tea of Paraguay, by the abundance of testimony which has been brought forward. We have not met with a writer who speaks of it in disparaging terms, whilst we could easily augment the evidence in its favour. It seems to us to be clearly proved that maté bears a considerable resemblance to China tea, in those peculiar qualities which render that plant so great a favourite in this and other countries; that it is a soothing, refreshing, and slightly exhilarating beverage; that it "cheers but not inebriates," which is an essential point. Were it possessed of any of those baneful properties which belong to coca, the scourge of Peru, we should be the last to recommend the introduction into this country of any such pernicious drug. But no evils are attendant upon its use; only when abused by being taken over strong, and to excess, is it found to derange the system; and all the world knows that the same is the case with Chinese tea.

The next point to be determined is, can the article be obtained in sufficient quantity so as to become a remunerating speculation to those who undertake its importation. That the country where it grows is capable of supplying all Europe with the commodity, provided proper attention be paid to its cultivation, is abundantly proved, both by the extracts which we have given, and by the statements of many other writers. There are large forests of it growing spontaneously, but allowed to remain untouched, because it is the narrow and jealous policy of the present ruler of Paraguay, Dr Francia, not to cultivate an intercourse with other countries, lest his subjects, or slaves rather, become too enlightened and knowing for him. Knowledge is inimical to the purposes of the tyrant, just as light is fatal to the designs of the robber. But Francia cannot much longer inflict his dictatorship on the country, for he is above eighty years of age. Besides, the plant is raised in large quantities in many other parts of the country, over which he exercises no control. In 1819, the celebrated naturalist M. Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt, settled in Corrientes, which lies below Paraguay, and there proposed to rear extensive plantations of the yerba tree. Had he been allowed to go on peaceably in his laudable undertaking, there would have been plenty of the article for exportation long before this time. But the barbarian of Paraguay sent an armed force against his settlement, which was completely ruined, and its owner dragged into slavery. He was only released in 1831, and, we are glad to learn from a highly respectable source, "is now in Corrientes, actively engaged once more in agricultural plans."¹⁶ Of course, the tea will form the chief object of his attention, and some enterprising English merchants might encourage him by ordering a supply. The consequences of the wretched policy of Dr Francia are thus alluded to by Sir Woodbine Parish:—"Even the yerba maté, or Paraguay tea, once so fruitful a source of profit to the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, is now introduced from the southern provinces of Brazil. It is true that Paraguay Proper, where the greater part of it was grown, has been closed for some years, but there is no reason why it should not have been cultivated in Corrientes or the Misiones (a large territory adjoining it), with just as much success as in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande."¹⁷ We are convinced that all that is wanted for making the tea of Paraguay a profitable object of speculation to the British merchant, is the presence of some enterprising individuals on the spot, with capital enough to set the business a-going. The failure of the mining schemes in which so many embarked, has given a bad notoriety to this part of South America, but the prejudice against it is most unfounded. Any enterprise will fail if it be badly managed, and this was the case with the mines. An agricultural speculation, like the raising and exporting of an article of such unquestionable value as the Paraguay tea, is very likely to be successful. It is surprising why the thing has not been thought of before, and measures taken to bring the plant into the British market. It were quite preposterous to suppose that prejudice in favour of bohea would for any length of time operate unfavourably to its popularity. When a thing is really valuable, it soon finds its way into general use, provided the price be reasonable. Notwithstanding that labour is dear in South America, the soil is so prolific in yerba maté, that it might be procured very cheaply. In his statement of the exports of the republic, Mr J. P. Robertson mentions, that of the yerba "there were annually shipped 40,000 bales, containing nine arrobes (of twenty-five pounds each arrobe); or 360,000 arrobes, which, valued with duties and charges, at two dollars the arrobe, make 720,000 dollars." Reckoning four shillings in the dollar, this is rather less than fourpence per pound. Whatever profits might be expected from the article, they would never raise its price so high as that of China tea or even coffee; that is, if the business be properly conducted. In conclusion, we strongly recommend this speculation to the attention of those enterprising bodies of men, the London and Liverpool merchants. There are no obstacles to our obtaining considerable supplies of the article, but such as capital, skill, and enterprise, may readily overcome. The principal one is

¹ Letters on Paraguay, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson; vol. ii. p. 134. London, 1838.

² The Reign of Dr Francia in Paraguay, by MM. Rengger and Longchamps, p. 8.

³ An Account of the Abipones, a people of Paraguay, by Martin Dobrizhoffer; vol. i. p. 103-4.

⁴ Spanish America, by R. H. Bonnycastle; vol. ii. p. 200.

⁵ Observations and Remarks on Buenos Ayres, by Major Gillespie; p. 85.

⁶ History of Brazil, by Robert Southey; vol. ii. p. 328.

⁷ Travels in Chili and La Plata, by John Miers; vol. i. p. 24.

⁸ Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, by Captain Basil Hall; vol. i. p. 30.

⁹ Narrative of a Voyage to the South Atlantic Ocean, from the private Journal of W. H. B. Webster, surgeon; vol. i. p. 87.

¹⁰ South America and the Pacific, by the Hon. P. Campbell Scarlett; vol. i. p. 180.

¹¹ Journal of a Residence in Chili, by Maria Graham; p. 152.

¹² Travels in Buenos Ayres, &c. by J. A. Beaumont, Esq.; p. 92.

¹³ Travels in South America, &c., by Alexander Caldeburgh, Esq.; vol. i. p. 133.

¹⁴ An Account of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, p. 253.

¹⁵ Narrative of a Journey, &c., by Robert Proctor, Esq. p. 30.

¹⁶ Francia's Reign of Terror, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson; vol. iii. p. 289.

¹⁷ Buenos Ayres, &c., by Sir Woodbine Parish; p. 347.

* Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, p. 257. London, 1838.

likely soon to be removed, as the following extract from Sir Woodbine Parish will show: he is speaking of the miserable state of slavery in which Paraguay has for thirty years been kept by Francia. "That so extraordinary a state of things should so long have existed, is, I believe, entirely to be ascribed to the miserable weakness of the adjoining provinces, which, had they been able to make the slightest combined effort, might long ago have put an end to the tyrannical rule of this crazy old despot. Nature will probably do this ere long, when it may be expected that Paraguay will once more join the confederation of her sister provinces." It is immaterial whether she joins the Union of the Argentine republic, or remains an independent state as at present: we would prefer seeing her in the latter position. But at all events it is to be hoped that the resources of a country, about the fairest on the map of the world, will be fully developed when the opportunity so devoutly to be wished arrives—and let some of our enterprising countrymen be upon the spot, ready to catch the tide which undoubtedly leads on to fortune. Little time is to be lost. The expectations which were blasted by the failure of the mining speculations will be amply realised by undertakings which shall supply this country with the tea of Paraguay. At all events, let us have a few packages brought home on trial.

THE ANNUALS.

THE following historical sketch of this ephemeral class of publications appears in a late number of the "Art-Union, or Monthly Journal of the Arts":—

"The most high and palmy state" of the Annuals belongs to history. They are now, like the few flowers that still linger in our gardens, dwindled in character, and remind us, with far more of pain than pleasure, of the beautiful things they have been. They have had their day; and if the age has grown too fastidious to enjoy them, we can, at present, perceive no signs that they will be succeeded in public favour by objects more worthy of it. A short history of their rise and progress may, we think, be agreeable to our readers. In 1822, Mr Ackermann introduced the exotic from Germany into England; but 'The Forget Me Not,' a title borrowed also from the same source, was merely a slight improvement on the pocket-books which for centuries had been the customary gift-books of a season, when to present tokens of friendship or affection is considered a sort of duty. The next year the 'Friendship's Offering' made its appearance, and the same year 'The Graces,' containing a series of elegant poems on the months, from the pen of Dr Croly. But with the three were combined blank paper for memoranda, cash accounts, &c.; and they were, as we have said, little more than a degree removed from the time-honoured trash that had contented our forefathers. Yet the project was found to answer, and the natural results followed. Exertions were made, and successfully, to render them valuable as literary volumes, and excellent as works of art. 'The Literary Souvenir,' edited by Mr Alaric Watts, was a huge step in advance; to this gentleman, indeed, was mainly owing the vast improvement they subsequently underwent. 'The Amulet,' edited by Mr S. C. Hall, was another; 'The Winter's Wreath,' a provincial volume, was a third; 'The Keepsake' was a fourth; and in the year 1829, so popular had this class of works become, that no fewer than seventeen were published.

Competition necessarily gave rise to prodigious efforts to obtain pre-eminence. In their earlier years they were all bound up in tinted paper, and enclosed in a case. Paper yielded to silk, in which the majority of them soon made their appearance; then followed morocco leather, and, much more recently, velvet. The public was startled at finding elegant books, full bound in morocco, for the binding of which they had been accustomed to pay nearly as much as the cost of the whole work, illustrated by exquisitely engraved prints from paintings by artists of the highest celebrity, any one of which formerly would have been valued at the charge demanded for the series, and containing prose and poetry, written for the several publications by all the leading and most popular writers of the age. These improvements had indeed been gradual, and had grown out of the large circulation to which some of the Annuals had attained, and, in especial, to the spirit of energy and enterprise which a laudable rivalry had called into existence. Sums of money that sound preposterous were lavished upon the several departments; five hundred pounds were given to Sir Walter Scott, and proportionate remuneration to other authors, for articles contributed to a single volume of 'The Keepsake'; amounts varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty guineas were paid to artists for the loan of pictures to be engraved; and it was by no means uncommon for the engraver to receive one hundred and fifty guineas for the production of a single plate. For one, indeed, 'the Crucifixion,' after Martin, engraved by Le Keux, that gentleman received one hundred and eighty guineas, making the cost of the print, including the sum paid for the drawing, two hundred and ten guineas. The volume of 'The Amulet' which contained this costly work had also two other engravings, which together cost two hundred and sixty guineas; the other nine prints amounted, perhaps, to seven hundred guineas; so that for the embellishments alone the publishers had to pay nearly twelve hundred guineas; and yet, strange to say, this was the only volume of the whole series of

'The Amulet' that yielded a profitable return upon the capital expended and the labour bestowed. Until 'The Keepsake' entered the field, all the Annuals were published at twelve shillings; 'The Keepsake' was an experiment at a guinea, and it was generally thought would be a failure; the beauty of the embellishments, however, was very great; the letter-press was wretched in proportion, yet the trial was a successful one; and the next year, Mr Heath, the proprietor, amended the mistake into which he had fallen, and obtained the co-operation of nearly all the great authors of the age and country. His expenses for the literary portion of his second volume amounted to no less than £1600. The existing Annuals having been made nearly as perfect as they could be, novelties were projected, as the next step to obtain profit. A volume of engravings from the old masters, consisting exclusively of religious writings, entitled 'The Iris,' had existence for two or three years, and was abandoned; a Landscape Annual was conceived by Mr Charles Heath; Annuals for Children were devised; 'The Book of Beauty' was a new and happy idea; Scientific Annuals made their appearance, and Mr Hood entered the field with his Comic Annual. They all had their day, and vanished by degrees. Of the earlier works, the oldest, 'The Forget Me Not,' the second in age, 'The Friendship's Offering,' and the sixth in years, 'The Keepsake,' are the only ones that now exist; the three are unquestionably vastly inferior to what they were a few years ago. But, lately, a new class has sprung up. Messrs Ackermann, some three or four years ago, produced a quarto volume, 'The Flowers of Loveliness,' at the price of a guinea and a half; it was a novelty, and it succeeded, although its merit was any thing but great. Rivals of course followed [including 'The Book of Beauty,' and 'Drawing-Room Scrap Book, both quarto size], and not long ago one was issued at the price, to the public, of two guineas and a half.

Beyond question, the character of the Annuals has deteriorated; the fashion, we might almost say the passion for them, gradually declined. In proportion as they became unprofitable, exertions were relaxed; and if we look through any of the volumes published within the last five or six years, we shall perceive only mediocre engravings from mediocre paintings, while among the contributors to their literary contents we shall now find scarcely a single name of eminence. Publishers who used to pay largely for the assistance of both authors and artists, have been compelled either to abandon their speculations, or dole out recompense very sparingly; and their value as literary works, or as works of art, has nearly, if it have not altogether, vanished.

Yet they have undoubtedly been useful as well as agreeable—profitable as well as pleasant—both to literature and to art; and the sneers directed against them, just at the commencement of their decline, were as unmerited as they were unwise. Before their introduction into England, the Christmas gift-books were, as we have stated, and our readers know, paltry pocket-books; their successors contained much to interest, and somewhat to instruct; the prints which used to ornament the chimney-pieces of houses of the middle class, were tawdry-coloured dabs, prejudicial to taste, and very often injurious to morality; they were displaced by engravings after the choicest works of our great British painters, executed in such a manner as to cultivate the eye, and give employment to the mind; and we are by no means to put out of sight the fact that the popularity of the Annuals spread through various channels a very large sum of money every year—such sum being divided among persons whose occupations were beneficial to the country. For some years, indeed, nearly £1,000,000 per annum were thus expended. We shall not be wide of the mark if we assert that for several years 150,000 volumes were circulated. We made in the year 1829 a calculation of the expenses incurred, and on now referring to it, we have no reason to change our opinion of its accuracy; it may interest, or at least amuse, the curious in such matters, at the same time that it will sustain our argument as to the benefit conferred by this class of works. For 150,000 volumes (including the 'guinea' books, of which there were always two or three), the public paid about £90,000. The sum was thus distributed:—

Authors and editors	£6,000
Painters	3,000
Engravers	12,000
Copper-plate printers	4,000
Printers	3,500
Paper-makers	5,500
Binders	9,000
Silk-manufacturers and leather-sellers	4,000
For advertising, &c.	2,000
Incidental matters	1,000
Publishers' profits	£50,000
Retail booksellers' profits	10,000
	£90,000

Thus—and it will no doubt startle many of our readers—during the seventeen years that the Annuals have flourished in England, a million and a half of money has been expended upon them by the public. There is another consideration that should have some weight; they are issued at a period of the year when trade is proverbially 'dull,' and when book-selling is

especially so. They create business when, according to the Irishman, there is 'nothing stirring but stagnation.' We contend, then, that there are few luxuries in the purchase of which the public money could have been better expended; and we repeat, that in rejecting them, or at least in so far neglecting them as to cause their obvious deterioration, the public has been a loser and not a gainer. We have as yet had their places supplied by nothing more useful, or more agreeable."

We beg to add a single word of observation to this somewhat interesting account of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of the Annuals. It has always appeared to us that, with a few exceptions, the literature of these publications was excessively puerile, and could not reasonably be expected to command an enduring reputation or patronage. The works, in fact, were never any thing but beautiful picture-books, and therefore liable to be deprived of public favour when an improved taste or new means of satisfying it became predominant. The drawing-rooms of the wealthy being furnished with a sufficient number of red, blue, and green morocco-covered picture-books, the sale of these works naturally diminishes, and objects of greater novelty—perhaps original paintings in frames—take their place. Such seems to be the true cause of the decline and fall of the Annuals.

FAMILIAR OBSCURITIES.

THERE are certain words and phrases which, though in familiar use, are never made the subject of regular explanation, simply because every body is supposed already to know their meaning; and as these words and phrases seldom appear in dictionaries, it follows, as a natural consequence, that many persons remain in ignorance of them during the whole or a greater part of their lives. We propose to throw a little light on a few of these familiar obscurities. The first that comes to our recollection is the term

ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG.

Allgemeine Zeitung is common in newspaper intelligence. "We learn from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*," says a daily paper, "that Prince Metternich is at present in a declining state of health, and intends visiting," &c.; or, "It is confidently reported by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that an important meeting is shortly expected to take place between the ambassadors of the leading European powers at Toplitz," &c. &c. The term *Allgemeine Zeitung* is, in short, constantly before the public; every body has seen it hundreds of times; there is no end to it. But who knows exactly what it means? Is it the name of a newspaper, a magazine, or a human being—what is it? We shall explain. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is a newspaper published daily in the German language at Augsburg in Bavaria. The name signifies Universal Gazette or Intelligencer, the word *Zeitung* being from the same root as our English word Tidings. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is to Prussia, Austria, and various other continental powers, what the Times or Morning Chronicle is to England, with the superior attraction of being written upon a plan of more general interest. It is, we believe, the best newspaper in Germany, and is particularly celebrated for the correctness of its intelligence from Turkey and the adjacent countries. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* has existed for upwards of forty years, and is now, or was lately, the property of Baron Cotta, who employs regular correspondents in Constantinople, Athens, Cairo, Smyrna, and all the chief capitals in Europe; also in America. It is occasionally made use of by Austria and other states as a kind of demi-official organ, and therefore exerts an influence to a certain extent in continental politics. It is small in size, cheap in price; and its circulation, as is believed, is not above five thousand copies. People in Germany care little for newspapers, and grudge spending money upon them.

SILHOUETTE.

The word *Silhouette* is another of these obscurities. "He has had his likeness taken in silhouette;" "Silhouette likenesses executed here, at one shilling each, by Mr —," and so on with many other observations and announcements, in which the word *silhouette* occurs. It is generally known that a silhouette is a small profile likeness in black, or black slightly streaked with white or coloured lines. But the origin of the word is to most persons a mystery, and is rather curious. The term took its rise in France eighty years ago, and was occasioned by the nation being at that time in a state of financial distress, under the administration of M. de Silhouette. That gentleman endeavoured by severe economy to remedy the evils of a war which had just terminated, leaving the country in great exhaustion. During the period of M. de Silhouette's government, all the fashions in Paris took the character of parsimony. Coats without folds were worn; snuff-boxes were made of plain wood; and, instead of painted portraits, outlines only were drawn in profile, and filled with Indian ink, &c. All these fashions were called *à la Silhouette*; but the name was retained only in the case of the profiles, which, from their simplicity, and the cheap manner in which they could be executed, survived the period of their compulsory origin. Thus, the name of a French Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer has been attached to the most common of our miniature profiles.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

This was a privilege formerly possessed in England by all clergymen, and consisted in their exemption from trial for felony before the civil tribunals: when they were charged with a felonious crime, they were handed over to their own ecclesiastical courts. The privilege was afterwards modified in various ways, and was extended to all persons who could read, and also to women; and, practically, those who were entitled to the benefit of clergy were not punished for any crime, further than suffering a short imprisonment, and, at the discretion of the judge, being branded on the thumb; in other words, none were hanged but unlettered persons. The privilege was, however, frequently broken through, and was reduced to little else than a mere name, by a statute of Queen Anne; it was formally abolished in the reign of George IV., since which event all persons are equal in the eye of the law. The term "benefit of clergy" is now used only in a jocular sense.

A few more explanations by and bye.

ANNOYANCES OF OFFICIAL PERSONS IN AMERICA.

To the people of this country, who are accustomed to regard high official men with a sort of distant awe, the familiarity with which the same class of men are treated in America must appear extremely strange. We have been assured by an American gentleman of the highest intelligence and respectability, that there is not a state official of popular appointment in "the States," who is not under the necessity of holding himself ready to receive familiar calls at every hour from persons who in this country would not be allowed entrance even into the lobby of a respectable house. And the privilege is taken advantage of in no sparing manner. In a late clever work entitled "Aristocracy in America," a curious account is given of the shoals of people who come to Washington to bore the President and other officers for posts. We extract the passage:—

"And then what a continual influx of paupers!" interrupted the bar-keeper; "all coming here to seek office, to see the President, and to avail themselves of their acquaintance with one or the other member, to obtain a place for themselves or one of their relations. Would you believe that people come here from a distance of from six hundred to a thousand miles, to hunt an appointment of six hundred dollars a year; and that, in order to enable them to get home again, after they have spent their last farthing, the President is often obliged to pay their passage out of his own pocket?"

"I can testify to that," said one of the gentlemen; "General Jackson has done so more than once. When they first come here, they expect nothing less than an appointment of two thousand dollars a year, but by degrees their expectations become more moderate: they would then be satisfied with a clerkship; by and bye with a still more subordinate station; and at last they would be glad if any one would pay their bill, and enable them to get home again. I remember a most remarkable story, which was current here shortly after the election of General Jackson, and which is singularly characteristic of the notions of our people as respects the power of the executive.

One morning, scarcely a fortnight after the general's arrival at the White-house, a shabby-genteel looking man presented himself at his parlour, and, after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents, and his unimpeachable rectitude, fully entitled him. "We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; and our exertions were unremitting; I myself went round to stimulate my neighbours, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes, and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!" The general thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant, if he did not think his election gave satisfaction to a vast majority of the people; and at last regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account. "Oh, no matter for that, sir!" said he; "I did it with pleasure—I did it for myself and for my country" (the general bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the general bowed again). "I thought, sir," continued he, "that as you are now President of the United States, I might perhaps be useful to you in some official capacity." (The general looked somewhat embarrassed.) "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your cabinet ministers?" "I have," was the reply of the general. "Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe." "I am sorry to say there is no vacancy." "Then you will perhaps require a head-clerk in the department of state?" "These are generally appointed by the respective secretaries." "I am very sorry for that: then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment." "I never interfere with these: you must address yourself to the heads of departments." "But could I not be postmaster in Washington? Only think, general, how I worked for you!" "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election; but the postmaster for the city of Washington is already appointed." "Well, I don't particularly care for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk." "This is a subject you must mention to the postmaster." "Why, then, general," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you got an old black coat?" You may well imagine that the general gave him one.

Extravagant as this story appears, I can assure you that there are at any time in Washington hundreds of persons seeking employment of some sort or other, nine-tenths of whom return home disappointed, cursing the ingratitude of those whom they have elevated by their suffrages, and who are now so monotonously ungrateful as to suffer them to gain a livelihood by common labour. All these men finish by joining the opposition, expecting to be treated with more consideration by the next administration."

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.

"Among the many foreigners with whom Mr Mathews was intimate, was a M. P.—he, who frequently visited us after our marriage. M. P.—he and his wife, a pretty Englishwoman, had been married several years, but no child had blessed the otherwise happy couple. At the time we became acquainted with them, in York, the lady had given promise, and in due time the critical period arrived which was to complete their happiness, as they believed, by a more powerful bond of union. On the evening when this event was expected, and M. P.—he hoped to become a father, he invited himself to dinner with us, desiring to divert, if possible, the intensity of his feelings from the little less than agony of suspense which he experienced lest his dearly beloved wife should fall a sacrifice to her situation. It was almost impossible, even while witnessing the husband's suffering, not to smile at the ludicrous expression he gave to it. Mr Mathews urged him to take more wine than the habit of the abstemious Frenchman would have allowed him to drink at any other time; but now he seemed glad to use any artificial means to sustain himself. A second bottle of port had been produced after dinner, before any intelligence from home reached the anxious husband, when, lo! as he was sipping a second glass of the newly-opened wine, a servant from home was admitted, almost breathless with haste, and announced that his mistress was 'put to bed' with a fine boy! The rapture of the father was as whimsical as had been his dread. He was flying off to see his first-born; but a prudent message from the doctor was added, recommending M. P.—he not to return immediately, but to wait, satisfied with present intelligence, until summoned. To this he reluctantly submitted; and re-creating himself, indulged in his future prospect of added bliss. Nothing had been wanting but a son to perfect the interest of his life; one child was sufficient for their mutual wishes; indeed, as he observed, a large family would not be desirable, or consistent with his means; and as he and his wife were no longer youthful, it was not probable that any very serious increase to his family circle could be expected—he was in fact the happiest of men. After a short interval, the servant appeared once more, to acquaint Monsieur's master that, since his first message, 'Mistress had got another bairn!' Surprising was this news, and somewhat *damping*, we thought, to the happiness and satisfaction which the first intelligence so indisputably occasioned. However, after the first ejaculation of surprise, M. P.—he inquired how his wife was, and on being again assured that there was nothing to fear, and that he would soon be allowed to see her, he appeared to resign himself to his twofold blessing, observing, 'Well, well! it cannot be prevented—it is one more *den* I expect—*mais*! not *repine*—two *shildres* at one time is rather inconvenient—very expensive!—*mais* n'importe! I cannot help him—I must be resigned to it.' In this manner he philosophised while he sipped his wine, looking into the fire, at the same time, in a musing attitude; now and then, however, taking out his watch, and again expressing his anxiety lest his 'dear wife' should be in danger. We had some difficulty in preventing him from appearing at his house before the ruling powers there thought proper. A third time his messenger rushed in, more agitated and pale than at first. He appeared to bring fatal news, for his eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets, and his whole appearance was truly alarming to us all. 'Well?' we simultaneously exclaimed, 'how is Madame?' 'She's as well as can be expected, doctor says; but —' 'But what?' asked the agitated husband. 'But she's gotten another bairn!' replied the messenger. 'Another *shild*!!!' cried the astonished Frenchman, starting from his chair, and pushing his hair back from his forehead, with a 'Wheugh!' as if sudden heat had distressed him. In truth he looked less in sorrow than in anger at this unreasonable augmentation; and after a second's pause in seeming reflection, he suddenly assumed a resolute manner, as if from a strong effort of mental decision; buttoned up his coat rapidly; called for his hat, forced it with a blow down upon his forehead; drew in his breath; and, in a calm yet determined voice, as he hastened out of the room, exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, 'I must put a stop to *dis* business!'—*Mathews's Memoirs*.

THE SABBATH.

Blessings, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day! and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God, for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures, toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery, and the greedy craving of mercantile gain; and, suddenly, that golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness—a time, and a perpetually recurring time, in which the iron grasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the Angels of God, come down and walk once more among men! Ten thousand blessings on this day—the friend of man and beast. The bigot would rob it of its healthful freedom on the one hand, and coop man up in his workday dungeons, and cause him to walk with downcast eyes and demure steps; and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of Englishmen, preserve it from both these evils! Let us still avoid Puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the inter-

vals of solemn worship, have freedom to walk in the face of heaven and the beauty of earth; for in the great Temple of Nature stand together Health and Piety. For myself I speak from experience; it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and, like Isaac, meditate in the fields; and especially in the sweet tranquillity and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in temple or in closet, did more hallowed influence fall upon my heart. With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me—a desire for every thing pure and holy—a love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork, but, especially, for every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel, that there is no oratory like that which has heaven itself for its root, and no teaching like the teaching of the Spirit which created, and still overshadows, the world with its infinite wing.—*William Howitt*.

MULTITUDE OF RETAILERS OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

In the year 1838, the number of persons who obtained certificates to sell ale and spirits, in the county and city of Edinburgh, was 2193. The number of families in the city and county is 47,415. There is therefore a dealer in ale and spirits for every 21½ families in the city and county of Edinburgh.

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE.

It may be thought to say, that there are two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable, that what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary; and that while every day in real life it will allow in one man no blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. For this reason they have been very slightly and imperfectly sketched. Those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live; that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the author's brain, but are promoting every day (and often by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour. —*Preface to Nicholas Nickleby*. The Messrs Grant of Manchester are understood to be the gentlemen meant. —*Newspaper*. The individuals here alluded to are natives of Scotland. They left Strathpey in their boyhood, without any advantages from fortune, and are now amongst the most affluent and respectable merchants in Manchester. As a trait of their character, justifying the view taken of it by Mr Dickens, it may be mentioned that a few years ago, observing one of their clerks to be in declining health, they sent him out to Madeira to recover it, after having first stuffed some hundred and fifty pounds into his pocket. The object was not accomplished, for the young man died; but the brothers are not the less to be praised for their good intention. It is not, perhaps, quite right in us to publish this anecdote; but somehow we never can hear of a generous human being without feeling an uncontrollable desire to make his merits known.

HELPS IN MICHIGAN.

Some of my dear theorising friends in the civilised world had dissuaded me most earnestly from bringing a maid with me.

"She would always be discontented and anxious to return; and you'll find plenty of good farmers' daughters ready to live with you for the sake of earning a little money."

Good souls! how little did they know of Michigan! I have since that day seen the interior of many a wretched dwelling, with almost literally nothing in it but a bed, a chest, and a table; children ragged to the last degree, and potatoes the only fare; but never yet saw I one where the daughter was willing to own herself obliged to live out at service. She would "hire out" long enough to buy some article of dress perhaps, or "because our folks have been sick, and want a little money to pay the doctor," or for some such special reason; but never as a regular calling, or with an acknowledgment of inferior station.

This state of things appalled me at first, but I have learned a better philosophy since. I find no difficulty now in getting such aid as I require, and but little in retaining it as long as I wish, though there is always a desire of making an occasional display of independence. Since living with one for wages is considered by common consent a favour, I take it as a favour; and this point once conceded, all goes well. Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate; but certainly, with one or two exceptions, I had little or nothing to complain of on this essential point of domestic comfort.

To be sure, I had one damsel who crammed herself almost to suffocation with sweetmeats and other things which she esteemed very nice, and ate up her own pies and cake, to the exclusion of those for whom they were intended; who would put her head in at a door, with—"Miss [the Michigan word for Mrs] Clavers, did you holler? I thought I heerd a yell."

And another, who was highly offended because room was not made for her at table with guests from the city, and that her company was not requested for tea visits. And this latter high-born damsel sent in from the kitchen a circumstantial account, in writing, of the instances wherein she considered herself aggrieved; well written it was too, and expressed with much *sapere*, and abundant respect. I answered it in the way which "turneth away wrath." Yet it was not long before this fiery spirit was aroused again, and I was forced to part with my country belle.—*Mrs Clavers's Glimpses of Western Life*, newly published.

It is respectfully intimated that no communications in verse or prose are wanted.

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